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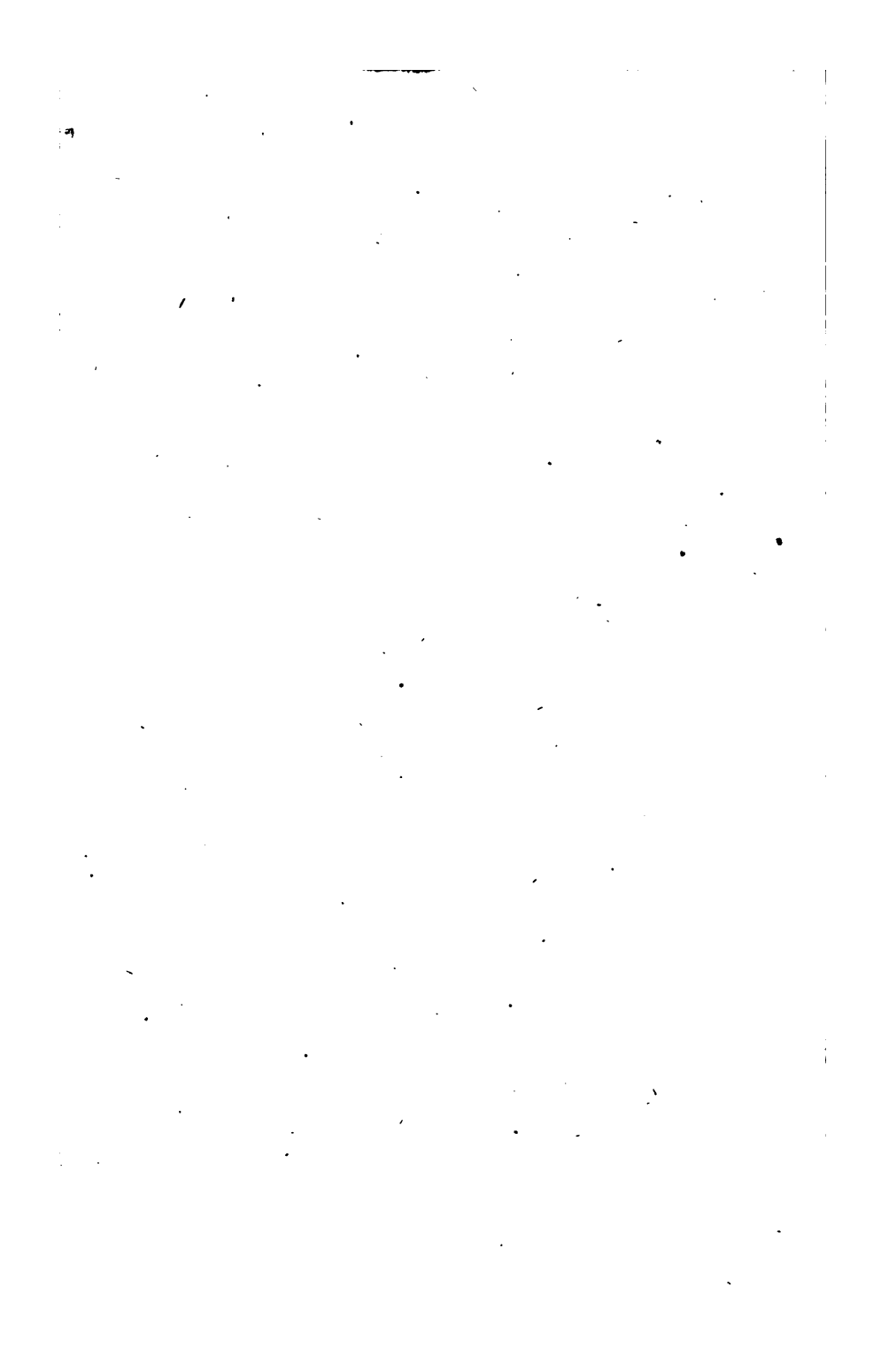
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IL PASTORE INCANTATO,

ETC. ETC.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY J. MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.

IL PASTORE INCANTATO;

OR,

THE ENCHANTED SHEPHERD;

A Drama:

POMPEII,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A STUDENT OF THE TEMPLE,

ETC. ETC.



LONDON:

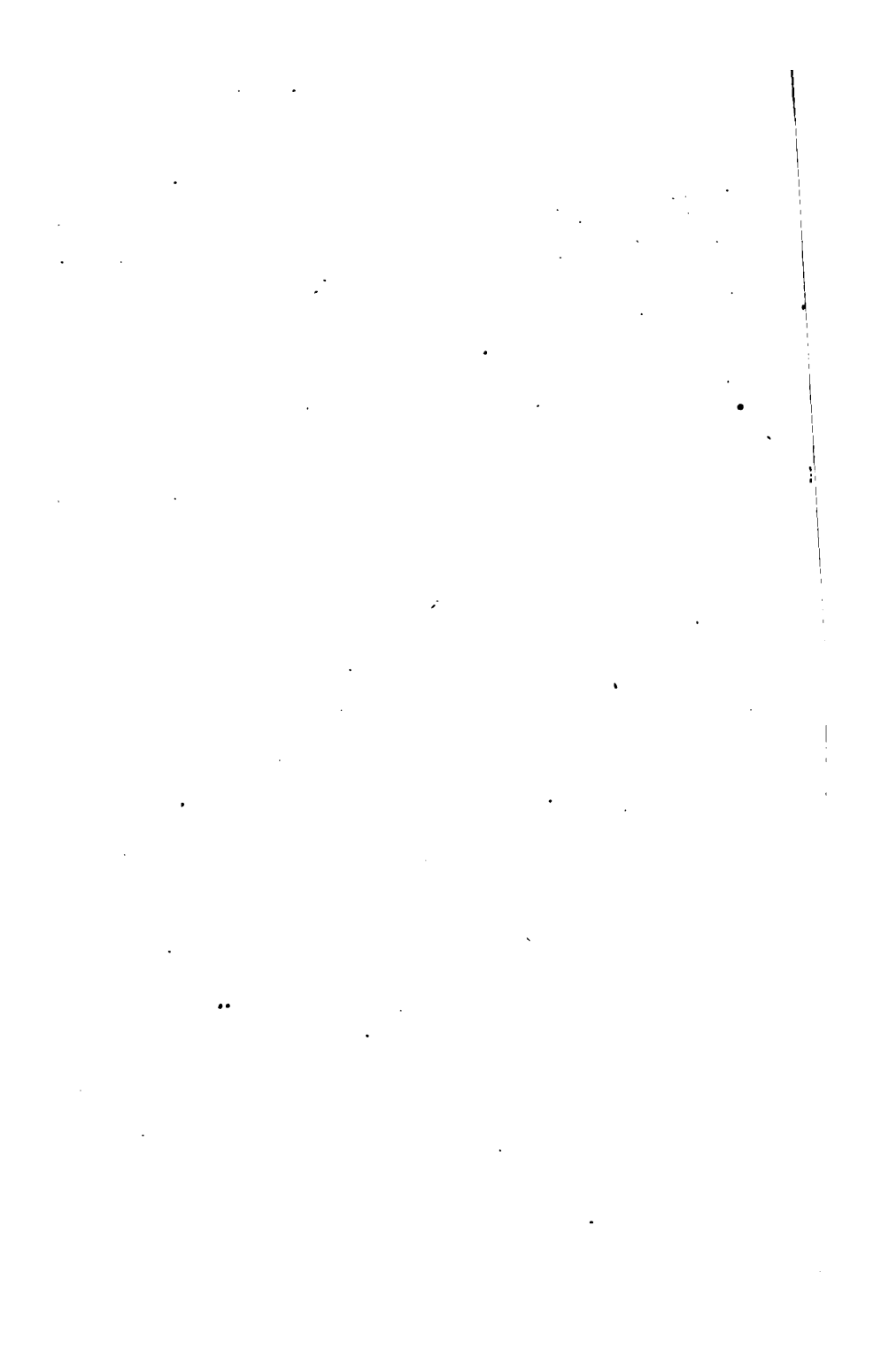
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TO

J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have looked around the circle of my acquaintance to find a Patron for this little volume, and I perceive no one upon whom the choice falls more naturally, or more decidedly, than upon yourself; whether amiableness of disposition, or superiority of talent, be admitted as the test of my election. Allow me, then, the pleasure of presenting you with this slight testimonial of my affectionate esteem, under a conviction that the demerits of the performance will not diminish with you the cordiality of its reception.

To apologise to you for the immaturity and imperfection of these verses, might be

regarded as a needless ceremony, since you already know both the age when most of them were written, and the adverse event that has led to their publication. Accept, my dear Sir, the sincere assurances of my real regard; and believe me to be, *usque ad urnam*,

Your devoted Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE following immature Productions are presented to the public with no view to emolument, and still less with any claim to superior merit. They are sent into the world merely to gratify—it may be the simple, but certainly the very natural desire of leaving something, however trivial, behind me, which may prolong my memory among those whom I have valued upon earth: and I have rather chosen to construct this little funeral pile with my own hands, composed as it has been out of a larger collection of juvenile and long neglected materials, than to leave the care of them to any individual, whose partiality might have made him less sparing in the selection.

Much of what is now committed to the press was written at an early age, but some few trifles of a later date have been added, in order to complete the drama and the volume.

The critics will not be likely to consider these youthful productions as falling within their province. Should they deign, however, to notice me, I would simply request them to recollect the golden rule, and to deal fairly: their sentence, in all probability, will never reach my ears: they may be assured, however, that these bagatelles would not have met their eye, but for a misfortune which seems likely to close upon me, at once, the doors both of life and of fame.

I had hoped for much more lasting reputation, but should have chosen for my pedestal a loftier elevation than poetry presents. I should rather have aspired to those glorious attainments in philosophy, which raise the soul above its present condition, and place it, as it were, upon a level with the beings of eternity, from the heights of whose sublimity, all that is done in this vain world appears as nothing.

But I have learned to submit. Go forth, then, flowers of my youth, and outlive, if ye may, the period allotted to your parent's existence. Your faded relics will at least furnish a chaplet for my tomb.

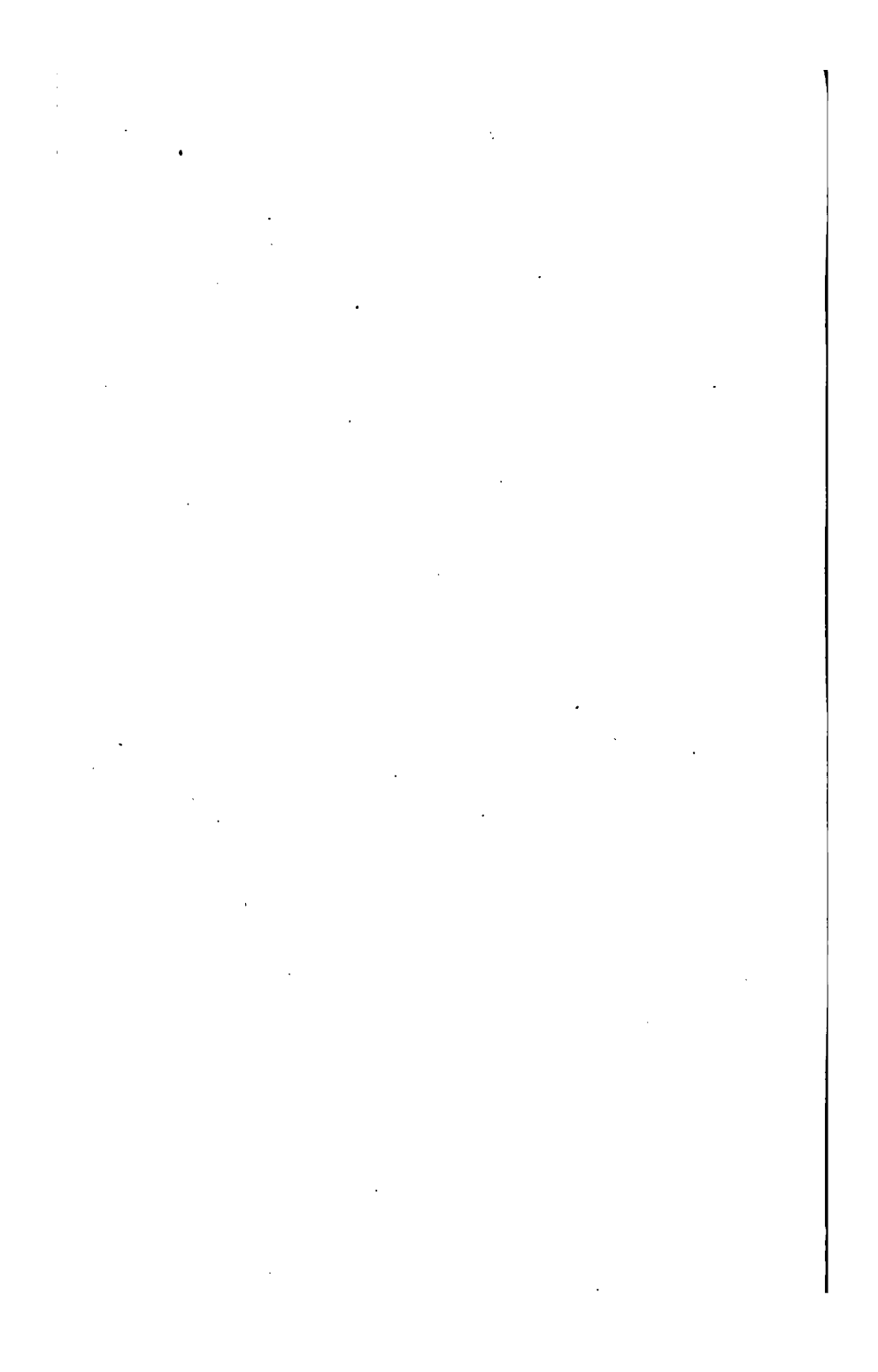
April, 1823.

SONNET,

TO THE AUTHOR.

• • • • •! if aught from lute or pastoral reed
Might bribe pale Sickness o'er thy couch to keep
Less jealous watch, I'd fairly charm asleep
Her dragon eye, and we again should feed
On tuneful themes devotedly indeed
Conned o'er of old ; but hands I know are nigh,
To win from Heaven, by duteous ministry
At altar and at harpsichord, the meed
Which most we sigh for. Droop not! many an hour
Is yet, I trust, in store for us, to hear
What poet, saint and sage, in hall or bower,
Have practised to enthrall the heart and ear.
Still speaks thy sylvan pipe?—some breeze astray
Waft the wild music ere it faints away!

J.



IL PASTORE INCANTATO.

THE PERSONS.

The GUARDIAN SPIRIT, who assumes the figure of a Hermit.

ARIEL, who assumes the figure of a Boy.

The BROTHER, supposed to be a Shepherd.

FIRST SISTER.

SECOND SISTER.

THIRD SISTER.

SETEROS, the Demon.

HECATE.

SHEPHERDS.

IL PASTORE INCANTATO.

The FIRST SCENE discovers a small but beautiful Island, adorned with a profusion of rare exotic Trees and Shrubs, hanging Woods, flowering Meadows, and Mountains of the most capricious forms, illuminated by the rays of the Setting Sun. A Romantic Grotto, overrun with various parasitical Plants, faces the Ocean. The SISTERS appear at the entrance, and repeat as follows:—

SONNET OF THE SISTERS.

DAYLIGHT, adieu! — and thou, fair Evening Sun,
Whom neither rain could quench nor mist could shroud.
So lately from thy triumph o'er the cloud,
Which hid our hopes, we hailed thy march begun—
The foe dispersed, and now the conflict won —

We long to bask a little in thy ray ;
While hill and dale their roseate vest put on,
Oh ! lengthen out thy glory, and our day !
Thou wilt not yet begone— thou needs must stay —
’Tis Universal Nature makes her suit,—
Oh, listen to the prayer of man and brute,
With incense steaming from yon verdant ley !
Or, if thou *must* depart, give some fair sign
Of a bright morrow, and we thee resign.

[*They retire into the Grotto, and the
GUARDIAN SPIRIT descends.*

GUARDIAN SPIRIT (*in mid air*).

Beyond the furthest range of mortal thought,
Or stretch of human fancy, there we dwell
In bowers of amaranth, whose office ’tis,
At Jove’s command, which we with joy obey,

To watch o'er those frail creatures who inhabit
Yon clay-worn speck, thick set with toils and snares,
Invisible to all of unpurged soul:
Yet, to those spiritual few, whose sublime taste
Affects the better half of their mixed nature,
We sometimes lift the curtain of dull sense,
Or else, in dreams, unveil our purer essence.
Thus, with that best by far of Grecian sops,
The divine Socrates, ⁽¹⁾ we nightly communed;
So, too, the Hesperian Poet, esteemed as mad
By fools or knaves, held frequent converse with us.
But now my errand lies to yon green Isle
Fixt in the Atlantic: and best haste is due;
For mark how Titan threatens his flaming steeds,
And they, ere now, have bathed their burning hoofs
In the' Ocean flood — Evening comes on apace,

And Dian soon will crown the spangled night.
Down through the dusky air I swiftly shoot,
Following a meteor's track, whose lamp might guide,
If light were needful, my star-paved course :
And, lo! beneath me sleeps the enchanted shore;
How beautiful is the' island —it would seem
The labour of fairy hands, in happy hour,
Called by some master-spirit from the deep.
The rocks, the strand, wear such fantastic features —
So like, and yet so unlike, Nature's moulding —
Such strange varieties of shape and colour,
In combinations endless, lovely all,
That it reminds me of the abode of those
Whose mortal deeds have won immortal glory.
See now the' enamoured Lady of the Moon
Looks sweetest on yon slope facing the South,

And through rich clustering vines, with rubies hung,
That mantle a cave's mouth, peeps in to spy
The Shepherd Youth, whose Genius I am.
This stripling youth, behoves it I should tell,
Tending long time his simple rural charge
In this still vale—at best a shepherd seeming
To casual eyes — yet such repute hath gained
Of various learning, which true goodness heightens,
Among the neighbouring hinds, who feed their flocks
On these blue hills, that they far other deem
His birth and parentage; and oft when Eve
To meditation prompts, they fold their sheep,
And hither hie, to drink at Wisdom's fount:
For he will tell them of the' All-bounteous Pan;
Of the starry train that watchful Hesper leads;
Or of those herbs, fruits, flowers, medicinal,

Which Earth's green lap adorn : these, and much more,
With grateful interlude of voice or pipe,
Their mountain melodies, have much endeared him
To all the country round : but now, alas !
Consuming thought has well-nigh snapt his stem,
As some pretend, or the black noxious dew,
(Plying his trade too late,) nipt his young bud ;
The youth falls sudden sick, and so hath lain
For many a day, wasting his life in sighs.
Him to restore, if possible, are come,
From distant land, his three fair lady sisters,
Who watch about his couch both night and day,
And with kind looks and deeds lighten his woe.
Nor is the worst yet told. In this same isle,
Within the spent womb of an old volcano,
Whose frightful cliffs, fire-scarred, in hideous forms,

Through clinging ivy and vile scrambling weeds,
Like haunted ruins frown, a dæmon dwells,
Called Setebos, whom Sytorax adored. ⁽²⁾
To this spot, by attraction, all things base,
Groveling, or venomous, which the soil produces,
As to their wicked centre, nightly troop ;
And from the ragged entrails of the rocks,
And hollow-eaten caverns, where they hive,
An ugly swarm of uncouth things creep forth,
To pay their homage to this deity.
To-night, the base-born god, by long prescript,
Deduced from fabulous times, hath leave to roam
The island through, and vex, or vent his spite,
Where Jove permits, on man, beast, shrub, and tree :
This brings me down ; for well I know what deep
Infix'd antipathy there ever rankles

Betwixt the evil and good, and therefore fear
Some fresh attempt upon the' innocent head
Of him I guard, though it shall harmless prove.
First will I fetch my round, and then attend
Till Ariel comes, for whose light services
I shall find much occasion ere morn break.

[GUARDIAN SPIRIT disappears.]

Enter ARIEL, singing.

When the Sun went down the sky,
Of his all-glorious train was I;
On a purple cloud I sate,
To augment his setting state.
Seas of blood and sands of gold,
Broad lakes, mountains, castles old —
A thousand forms I there portrayed,
In a thousand hues arrayed,

More rich — more fair, than fan or screen
Ever waved by Indian queen —
Than tropic plume, or deep-dyed ore
Of Peru's mines, or gemmed store,
Which Thetis in dark caves doth hide,
To light her pomp, or deck her pride.
Now May's moon is mounted high,
My delight is most to fly
Round and round her shining zone,
To behold whatever's done
On half the outside of this earth —
Sights of woe, or scenes of mirth.
My name is Ariel, he who wrought
All that the noble Prosper sought;
But now a higher post I fill,
Constant friend to Virtue still ;

Never of evil deeds make I my boast,
Like some, assuming shapes of unlaïd ghost
Or megrim quaint, who love to joke
With fuddled swains and harmless village folk ;
But here upon this tufted knoll,
Whose luscious perfume might control
The subtler sense of purest spirit,
To own its transcendental merit,
With breath of violets consecrate,
Pale-faced primrose, blowing late,
And musk-rose, mixed with evening flower,
On whom day's eye hath not the power
To make them once their lids uncloze,
Till the spruce gnat his trumpet blows —
Shrill signal to the cobweb race
Their elfin empress' court to grace,

Spread on some verdant carpet near
While the welkin burneth clear.
On this sweet spot his summons I observe,
Who bade me here, without plea or reserve
Of elsewhere duty, or ill-timed pleasure,
Patient wait his sovereign leisure,
Who holdeth a commissioned 'hest
From Jove, the greatest and the best,
This night to be performed and done,
Ere the rising of the Sun,
About the youth of whom much hath been said,
And much more will be aread
In after time, if hope speak true.
Here must I wait, with reverence due,
The soon approach of him whose strict command
Shall be obeyed with head, heart, voice, and hand.

*The CAVERN in the Volcano, surrounded by lofty and dark Rocks,
intermixed with Cypress Trees, and enveloped in dense Clouds
and Fogs.*

SETEBOS, crowned with night-shade, alone.

O'er spirits damned,—o'er goblins —witches —wizards,
Bogies of fen and heath — and those foul imps,
Which brooding horror, breeds i' th' abyss of Night,
I'm monarch crowned — black fogs, and blasting dews,
And pestilent vapours shroud my majesty,
While this incarnate crew do me low homage :
But what avails the worship of them all,
While I'm locked up in this infernal den,
From year to year, under a penal bolt,
And only once in the' year, for few short hours,
Allowed to roam ; debarred, at other times,
My faculties — to use them as I would ;
Which He who has got rule in highest heaven,

And gives names to his fancies, misnames *harm*,
As suiting ill, 'twould seem, with his good pleasure :
But were it not I better love my ease,
In this gross atmosphere, than purest ether,
With sovereign power, which trouble alway causes,
I'd quickly sap his godhead. Yet, to-night,
At least, brings liberty, which I mean to use :
As that young saint, whom I with sickening spells
Have lately drugged, shall know, and rue the day
When he presumed to interrupt those rites,
Sacred to me, from high antiquity,
On loftiest hills first taught by Phrygian priests.
To aid me Hecat' comes, at whose approach
The Moon goes out, and the stars hide their heads.

The SCENE changes to the Grotto ; the BROTHER reclines on a mossy couch in a nook at the upper end ; the SISTERS appear in front. A Lute accompanies the following Sonnet, repeated by the BROTHER.

When I reflect on my sad destiny,
And reckon up the ills that mar my lot,
How dark-browed Fate hath made my life a blot,
Turning its fair tide into one black sea,
Whereon my ill-starred bark hath gone to lee,
Ever in tempest tost, or else dead calm —
The seeming good still backed by certain harm —
Death ending all, and setting all things free —
I wonder not that men should love their graves,
As weary o'erdone taskers love their bed,
Bidding glad welcome, like surcharged slaves,
To that kind friend who hath their ransom paid.

Much more, the valley-clods look sweet to those
 Who find in death new life, and in heaven's court
 repose.

* * * *

FIRST SISTER.

Alas ! my sisters, I could freely weep,
 To hear our dear disconsolate Edwin thus
 Wake the dark echoes of this dismal cave
 With sad complaints, past our best skill to ease ;
 But hark ! his cheerless voice proceeds again —

* * * *

BROTHER (*the Lute accompanies*).

My early flights of fancy are no more !
 The visions of my youth are past and gone !
 The brilliant Orb that tricked my landscape o'er
 With rosy gems, as on a bridal morn,
 Hath sunk behind yon hill ; and yet anon,

My journey ended, and *my* days all told,
Shall shine as erst ; — nor shall the spring wax old,
As *my* heart doth, of his enduring fire,
Which burns for ever bright, nor must, nor shall expire.

* * * * *

One thought will aye remain — 'tis merely thought —
For there lives not to whom I may pretend
To liken her on earth, — nor, as I ought,
To any in heaven, whence divine thoughts descend :
She was my dream, — I prayed it ne'er might end ;
She came — she went — her radiant form unfolding
A fair idea of the Eternal Mind, ⁽³⁾
In its own fountain all sweet shapes beholding,
Most beautiful and perfect in their kind ;
But her's, the loveliest far, all beauty else enshrined.

* * * * *

[*The sound of the Lute becomes indistinct,
and gradually dies away.*

SECOND SISTER.

How sweet, and yet how mournful were those strains !

FIRST SISTER.

Oh, how unlike the notes, so well remembered,
He wont to pour into Night's marvelling ear,
While she sat listening, all the summer months,
In silent doubt, as ignorant which to choose,
Him, or her ancient favourite, Philomel !
And often we, under the laurel boughs
That in our father's garden crown the' alcove,
Stood motionless, to hear and to admire
The voluble clear flow of either song.

SECOND SISTER.

Yes, I remember well those eloquent strains,
That oft from Music's cell, lodged in their breasts,
Gashed forth in such rich bursts and mellowed streams

Of long sustained, exuberant harmony,
I used to fancy the sweet juggling sounds
Would never — never end — and sometimes wished
Myself dissolved in those transporting airs,
To be borne up among the liquid stars.

THIRD SISTER.

But *now* those vigils are all gone and ended !
Like unsubstantial dreams, which light dispels,
They leave behind only a bare remembrance,
Nought real, that the mind can feed upon.
Oh, what avails it, then, to spend the time
In idle recollections of lost bliss,
Which do but aggravate the present ill
By contrast, making worse of what was bad !

FIRST SISTER.

Indeed, dear Rosa, it were wiser far
Not to dwell on the past ; but Memory will

Intrude her mock scenes on the troubled thought,
Most of all when her aid is least required.
Whether it be, that the poor distract mind,
Flying the sharp edge of her misery,
Seeks in these airy pictures short relief,
Involuntary, — or that, from stubbornness,
She, scorpion-like, would sting herself to death,—
Were hard to say; but this at least is certain,
That Memory proves, nine cases out of ten,
The bitterest boon Nature confers upon us.
As though we quaffed a cup not sour enough,
She steeps old wormwood in fresh draughts of gall;
At times upbraiding us with heavy faults
Too late to mend; or with good luck gone by;
Or else, reviving some forgotten grief,
Cancelled or cured; or conjuring back the shades

Of our most passionate hopes, and passionate joys,
Withered — and dashed, — and flown — flown by — for
ever!

SECOND SISTER.

For ever! dearest Anna, pray forgive
The tears that will, perforce, distain my cheek,
At the sad mention of those awful words
Which set the seal on hope, and crown despair!
Oh! how it makes my heart ache when I think —
Nor can I help but think — that all the days,
And months, and years of much-loved intercourse
With our dear brother, are *for ever* gone!
To think on prospects blighted — life cut short —
The varied past — the present — then the future —
To think that he, perchance, will ere long lie
Wrapt in his shroud — the food of ravening worms —
But, oh no! — not for ever! — *not for ever!*

THIRD SISTER.

Alas, poor Edwin ! — talk not of him thus ;
Talk not of foul corruption and the grave,
You else will overwhelm our spirits quite,
Which do but just bear up above the brim.
We ought not so to harbour dark conceits,
Which never may come true, or, if they should,
Were double wretchedness to hear foretold.
I am his youngest sister, but not less
Beloved by him, whose likeness most I bear,
Nor do I love him less ; yet still would hope,
The present sickness is not unto death,
And what we hope for most, why not believe ?
Oh ! 'twere sad end indeed of all our pains,
His travelled lore, and the strange mystery
That hangs about his residence in this isle,
To lose him thus ! — it *cannot* — *cannot* be !

FIRST SISTER.

It hath been said, by one who wrote of old,
That patience cures all sorrows ; let us then
Bear sorrow with a grace, which soon may change
Its aspect, and fair morning end foul night.
But, hush ! methinks I hear our brother call ;
I hoped that Sleep would have repaid ere now,
With blissful dreams, the troubles of the day ;
So hath he often done, but, ah ! the wanton
Will seldom take pale sickness for his bride ;
He must be coaxed, and won by spells and potions,
To espouse so sad a partner. Even thus,
I thought we should have lured him here to-night ;
He never yet withstood the potent draught
Our brother drank to him not long ago.

SECOND SISTER.

Nor will he now, I trust ; yet stay, quite softly
I'll creep to his bed-side, and bring report ;
It might be only fancy that you heard,
Whispering in the mind's ear somewhat too loud,
As oft she does when you cry, " Peace, be still !"
And would shut out the world.

*[Goes towards the BROTHER's Couch
with a Taper.]*

THIRD SISTER.

Sleeps our dear brother ?

ARIEL sings, without.

Hush ! hush ! all is still ;

He doth sleep,

Both long and deep ;

Both long and deep he doth and will,

Until he hath ta'en his fill.

Doubt not — cry not,

Fear not — fly not;

Virtue guards you,

Heaven rewards you,

And much good may draw from ill.

THIRD SISTER.

Hark ! who was it that answered me so quickly ?

It could not sure be Ellen, for it came

From the other end of the still cave, and played

Among the Eolian strings of Edwin's harp ;

It must have been of those who live in the air,

And bring down messages of mercy and love ;

The tones were touched to most ideal sweetness —

I am not over critical, but own

I never heard the like, nor ever shall,
Unless the wild musician play again.

FIRST SISTER.

They were indeed surpassing sweet, and more
Have promised than composed our whole request.
Be it so; we 'll take the comfort which Jove proffers;
Who ever shows himself at greatest need,
And rarely lets poor virtue lie neglect,
Long, without recompense, which he sees just.

SECOND SISTER (*returns from the Couch*).

Sleep, who from out his ivory palace sends
Millions of dreams to hover round men's eyes,
Lulling them in oblivion, now hath set
Close sentinels at the two opal gates
That let in light upon our brother's soul,
Himself, in state, retired, deep, deep, within,

Prompted the voice we just now heard him utter.
But where is that aërial melodist,
Who scarce has ceased his song? oh, 'tis most true,
That we're surrounded by innumerable
Spirits of air, (⁴) who people the blue sky,
And, ever present, watch our righteous cause.

THIRD SISTER.

No doubt — no doubt — although we cannot see them,
And, therefore, if some learned heads were right,
Should not believe them — strange philosophy!
It is not mine, I rather choose to enjoy
Another, and, at least, as rational creed,
Leaving those sapient doctors to dispute:
But I shall always deem that harp inspired,
And hope one day to see the hand that tuned it:
And now I think on't, only yester-eve

The self-same fingers were among the strings,
When as I chanced to take up some old music,
To catch a straggling air that haunted me,
I found among the leaves, all soiled and torn,
This little fragment of an ancient ballad,
Set by an ancient author, not much known,
To a forgotten tune, and I lamented
That time and careless hands had spared no more.

* * * * *

Around my aching brows shall twine
Red roses and young eglantine,
To fill my brain with sweet perfume ;
Among the buds and flowers,
Dropping honied showers,
Shall bees their fragrant work assume :

And busily the infant loves,
Disporting there with turtle doves,
Soft amorous leagues for aye resume.
For me no mortal maiden sighs,
I'll lay me down in woful guise,
And on my own creations dote ;
Fair Emily, my queen,
Under the embowering green,
In pleasure let our fancies float,
And in our sleep we'll dream of love —
Of errant knights, and Venus' grove,
With many a feat in times remote.

• • • • •

FIRST SISTER.

I never heard those pleasing lines before ;
They speak the language of mild melancholy,

And true love disappointed : some have said
That poesy grows best in such a soil,
And that it sweetest smells where tears are shed.
It *must* be so : and now, if we're agreed,
Suppose we, each, in mutual turn, rehearse
Whate'er of strange or curious we have read,
Or heard or written, be it prose or verse —
'Twill serve to while the night, and we might spend it
worse.

[*The SCENE changes again to
the Volcano.*

Enter HECATE.

From steep Tartarean gulfs, in haste arrived,
Demon, behold me here ! what wouldst thou with me ?

SETEBOS.

To-night's my jubilee ; all the night long
I may put forth malignant influence

On whom I please, throughout this rocky island ;

To-morrow, my brief license is curtailed.

HECATE.

Why sittest thou moping then, midst owls and bats,

While there are jobs enow that crave best speed ;

Didst thou not call me from my drear abode,

Base demon, to assist thy sorceries,

And thinkest to make me wait while thou dost snore ?

SETEBOS.

There is much work, in sooth, and but scant time

Allowed us, by the tyrant who usurps

Yon starry cope, from whence he threatens ruin,

And with his thunder hopes to keep in awe

Me, whom his power confines in this foul sty.

HECATE.

Thank thy gross godhead for it, who canst bend

Beneath a tyrant's yoke, and meanly crouch

The whole year round, until he bids thee stir. —

What wouldst thou, goblin, with me ?

SETEBOS.

I have a task,

Which thou lovest spite too dearly to refuse.

HECATE.

What is 't? — be quick; for I have damning work

In Pluto's realm.

SETEBOS.

Know that the shepherd lad,

Whom I had choked long since, but for the fire

That once burnt bright beneath this sulphurous crust,

Refused hath to heap our mountain shrine

With offerings, as of yore the shepherds used,

Alleging his command who keeps me here ;

And they, at length, made bold by bad example,

Our annual fixed sports this year withhold,
Transferring them to some more worthy god ;
We must take sweet revenge though Jove should frown,
If not the worst we would, the worst we may,
Or else blind ignorance and superstition,
Which favour our dark rites, will turn to day,
And light break in upon these secret shades.

HECATE.

Never, till Jove himself descend in lightning
To wrap the world in flame, shall day break here.

SETEBOR.

But how can we shut out its hateful glare?
Already do the rank absorbent mists,
That circle this dark den, unfold their skirts,
The clotted yew shakes off its load of fag,
And birds of fate, from solemn cypress tops,
Crow like the cock, betokening early dawn.

HECATE.

Within an hour the darkness shall return,
Tenfold and more : those croaking notes portend
Night more profound, and not the approach of day. —
But now for our revenge.

SETTECO.

Hold ! I do feel
My boasted strength all gone — my nerves are powerless.
We may not crush that heaven-protected brat,
Nor singe a hair of his head.

HECATE.

Ha ! say you so ?

SETTECO.

Cursed be these shackles his fresh pride imposes !
I may gibe hard, but cannot break my chain.

HECATE.

At least, shall rattling storm and direful tempest
Appease the offended Hecat' ; heavy clouds
Shall rain down drizzling spells on them that sleep ;
The vine on its elm be blighted ; oaks torn up
By the roots ; and scab and blain blotch all the sheep ;
The shepherd, not exempt, a space I'll plague
With *night-mare*, and his dreams perplex and crowd,
Till Hecat's power be owned as well as Jove's.

A dreadful Storm, with thunder and lightning.

ARIEL enters.

This is the most terrific storm I ever
Encountered. The elements seem mingled ;
The boisterous sea buffets the angry shore ;
The deep foundations of this Emerald Isle

Quake ; vivid lightnings rend heaven's stedfast pillars,
And bring its crashing dome about one's ears ;
The moon and the stars are hid behind the clouds :
I'll creep into this cocoa-nut shell, and wait
Till it subside, and I can dry my feathers.
Meanwhile, for lack of company, I'll sing.

1.

I would not be compelled to ride -
Over this stormy sea,
For all the gold that misers hide
Under the hawthorn tree.

2.

I would not be obliged to run
Upon this sharp sleet air,
To be made monarch of the Sun,
Without a monarch's care.

3.

My life, upon this wind or wave,
I should not deem secure ;
But, ah ! what will not mortals brave,
Led on by fortune's lure ?

4.

Yet if but *one* small tear 'twould dry,
On the lid of a maiden fair,
I'd climb these waves, though mountains high,
And skim the sharp sleet air.

' Heigh, ho !

' The rain and the snow !

' But fast come, soon go !

GUARDIAN SPIRIT *enters*

Ariel ! Ariel !

ARIEL.

I'm here, most potent master!

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Ariel, come forth ! the tempest is abated.

ARIEL.

I wait my lord's commands.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Ariel, the storm

Is past : but now begins our special duty.

Within this moss-roofed shepherd's cave there lurks,

Hatching unseen his devilish plots, an urchin,

Left here by Hecate ; whom to expel,

Demands our speediest care and chief concern ;

Yet, lest we should alarm these virtuous ladies,

Who have had sorrow enough, with our sky-robcs,

Which they're unused to see, and might mistake —

Better to change them for terrestrial garb,
Before we set about our high commission..
A hermit's stole will suit my purpose well —
And thou must doff those little limbs, and wear
The ruddy count'nance of a peasant boy.
Wait here, and when I call, bring these things with thee.

The SPIRIT enters the Grotto as a Hermit.

FIRST SISTER.

What strange events this awful night produces !
O ! how inscrutable are the decrees
Of Sovran Wisdom ! circumscribed by darkness,
His ways are far beyond our finding out !
Yet we do well to hope and wait with patience.

[*Weeps.*

SECOND SISTER.

See what an icy frost has paled his cheek !
His eyes are quite glazed up, and scarce he breathes !

It must be some deep trance, or else death's hand
Bears hard upon him; — Edwin! — speak, — dear
Edwin!

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Heaven's peace attend ye, children!

THIRD SISTER.

Ah! who's there?

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

A friend — a hermit — whose benevolence
Has sent him forth, at most unlooked for hour,
After the pitiless and driving storm,
To learn the fate of this cave's habitants. —
Fear not!

FIRST SISTER.

Our trust is only in Heaven. — Approach.

SECOND SISTER.

And, if thou canst, oh! quickly help our brother.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Daughters, the aid you ask comes from above ;

Small good can medicine do in any case

Without concurrent blessing — how much less,

When the disease attacks the noble sense,

And is the agent of a hellish foe.

Yet, look to Heaven, and you need not despair ;

His ways, though seeming dark, have wisest ends ;

And just and good, (howe'er inscrutable

And past our finding out) are his decrees,

As shall be manifest some future day.

THIRD SISTER.

Father! we do believe; but say what strange

Unheard of malady afflicts our brother ?

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

There hath been foul play practised here to-night,
As I, by certain signs, can well perceive ;
Yet not beyond my skill, who am heaven-taught ;
And that I loved this gentle youth most dearly,
Who now lies here, by cursed arts entranced,
Shall shortly appear ; only let faith be mixed
With that which must be first in brief disclosed. —
In all past ages, and among all people, ⁽⁴⁾
That since the world began, unto time present,
Have ever yet been known, hath sown Jove
With reverential awe been worshipped.
To him omnipotent and omnipresent,
Omnibenevolent, hath glory been paid
By all mankind, though served with different rites,
Nor without witness hath he left his name,

But oft, at intervals, by various means,
Best fitting the occasion, has revealed
To the upright in heart and the sincere,
Either by oracle or inspiration —
By augury, or dream, or broad-day vision,
Such portions of his will as seemed him good ;
Which they thus highly favoured, did commend
To late posterity, in genuine records,
Engrossed, at sundry times, with mickle care,
On certain Sibylline leaves, ⁽⁵⁾ illuminate,
In Magian characters of liquid gold.
The volume, when writ through, they left in trust
Of holy men who kept the text entire,
At length, deposed within the sacred tomb
Of him who last survived, for centuries
It lay inhumed, unheard of, and forgotten ;

Till chance, or pious search, again restored
The dazzling page to light ; from thence it passed
Through divers hands into a hermit's, who
Bequeathed it me, with charge to keep it safe.
Not all its virtues may be now rehearsed,
This only except, which suits our present need :
That certain passages, when rightly found,
And rightly conned, with prayer accompanied,
And lustral drops, drawn from the fount of life,
Of which I have in store, the drowsiest charm
That hell can make, melt down like supple wax,
And set the imprisoned soul at liberty :
Of this you shall have proof before we part.

The GUARDIAN SPIRIT calls ARIEL, who enters as a beautiful Boy, bringing the Book and Phial, which he presents with the following lines : —

Master! the illumined book behold !
Wherein the sibyls do unfold
Of true learning's worth the sum —
Things long past, and things to come ;
And set their seals that all is true
Which its mystic pages shew.
Mortals that would thereon gaze,
All unhurt by its bright blaze,
Must first be purged from earthly stains,
With what this precious vase contains,

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

List, daughters, list to the prophetic verse
Which gentle Ariel has just pronounced ;

Thus, then, each fair brow simply I asperse
With three pure drops, which give the strength
announced;

But to this delicate lady, who appears
The youngest, three drops more, for that I read
In her blue eye, much fruit of riper years,
And thoughts far drawn which clear perception need :
Now kneel — each beside each — and silent pray —
With hands close joined, regard, and intent look —
Whilst Ariel and I once more essay
The various virtues of this glass and book.

*The GUARDIAN SPIRIT and ARIEL approach the Shepherd's
Couch, and chant alternately, in a melancholy tone, the
following rude measure.*

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Men who are of women born, do seem
As grass, or as the herb of the field, which soon
Withers on its flowery stem.

ARIEL.

So their beauty consumes ere noon.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

None may by any means redeem

His brother; — death takes no boon

To stop the grave's mouth.

ARIEL.

Even so,

The patriarchs of antiquity complain.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Oh, what a fearful ebb and flow

Of versatile existence there has been,

Since Egypt and the cities of the plain,

Babylon, Macedon, and Rome,

Tower, temple, obelisk, and dome,

All went down to the dust!

ARIEL.

Commingle with the dust again !

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Yet He, our living Trust,

For ever must remain,

And of his years there never can be end.

ARIEL.

How very often doth he condescend

To comfort those in trouble !

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Frequently he recompenses double,

For what of sorrow he sees good to send !

ARIEL.

Though through the long, long night,

There be no glimmering light,

The morning sun dispels the dreary shade.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

So shall the splendid braid
Of triple lustre, which these leaves display,
Pierce with effectual ray
The mental darkness which black hell hath made.

*[GUARDIAN SPIRIT holds the Sacred Volume, so that the
rays fall full upon the Shepherd's face.]*

Then ARIEL sings.

Shepherd, awake!
Wheresoe'er thy spirit be roving;
Whether amid the' innumerable star-bright spheres,
In mazy circles moving,
To the' endless dance of sempiternal years;
Or whether the' immortal song have caught thine ears,
To the third heaven ascended,

Where choral symphonies,
 And sphere-born melodies,
 With love, and joy, and light, and life are blended ;
 Come back—come quickly back—for, oh, not yet
 Must end thy trials in this troublous state !—
 But shouldst thou lie forlorn
 (By vile enchantment borne)
 'Midst horrid shapes, that only darkness brings,
 While all unutterable things
 Crawl over thee, and hissing, shed their spawn ;
 Still, oh ! awake—awake,
 The hideous charm must break
 Beneath the' ablusive drops from Ida drawn.
 With water do I call thee,
 And thus—thus—disenthral thee,
 Shepherd ! awake—awake !

[Sprinkles the phial over him.]

The Shepherd, awaking, repeats as follows : —

Methought I heard the voice of some one calling ;
Distant at first it seemed, and scarce perceived ;
But as it nearer grew dissolved my dream, —
Not therefore less delightful ; for such dream,
Never till now, though often visited
By Morpheus' train, abused my fantasy —
Never, till now, did such atrocious forms
Of black-mouthed monsters dog and hunt me down —
Me, singled out from all the world beside,
To be the butt of an invisible hate,
And an invisible dread of powers unknown.
I have been waked from sleep by the shrill lark,
Soaring betimes to welcome the young day ;
I have been roused by Autumn's mellow horn,
Winding its rich voluminous notes along

The vaulted night, until the welkin warbled ;
And I have heard such sounds of harp and lute,
In dulcet chorus joined, as made me hope
The morning of the retribution come ;
I have been gently called by one I loved,
And the first object was her cherub face ;
But, oh ! to be awaked from such a dream —
So horrible — by this celestial voice,
And find it but a dream — surpasses all !

[*Opens his eyes, the GUARDIAN SPIRIT and ARIEL
having resumed their natural figures.*

Yet what can mean this more than common blaze
That quite o'erpowers the sense ? and who are these,
Sky-clad, in sapphire robes, whose noble bearing
Declares them something high ? ⁽⁶⁾

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Shepherd, in us

Those spirits thou see'st, to whom the care was given
Of thy young life, the instant thou wert born;
From that time forth, to manhood's opening dawn,
Through helpless infancy, and heedless youth,
Our standard virtue, and our watchword truth,
We led thy upward steps the path to heaven;
Which thou hast mainly trod,—though sometimes, blind
To virtue's beam, thou left'st the track we taught;
Not so but gracious Jove, to mercy inclined,
Doth still accept — all thy false steps forgot —
And now, to save thee from impending ill,
At his command, which we with joy fulfil,
Behold us here

BROTHER.

Guardian dear,
Whom oft with earnest prayer I've sought,
And weeping eyes, full fraught,
That thou wouldst once appear
To their dim vision clear,
Before they ever on things mortal close,
In that continuous doze
From which far other voice must them awake;
Say, what duration shall my spirit make
In this obscure sojourn of fragile clay?
Oh! tell me, what delay
Must yet be borne, ere my glad flight I take
To the bright regions of perpetual day?

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Shepherd ! the hour that shall emancipate
The' ethereal moiety from its fettered dole
Seek not to know ; or whether soon or late
The serious Sisters rend thy vital scroll ;
Short, at the longest, must be thy career,
Enough, that He who doth the' event control
Remain thy friend, and thou still persevere
In just deeds, till thou reach the utmost goal :
Of this brief life, and pass the ebony gate
Which guards the confines of existence here.
But see ! day breaks, and soon will rise the sun.

ARIEL.

And when this our task is done,
I must fly and I must run,

Leagues and leagues to those blest bowers -

Where flourish the immortal flowers,

That take their name from purest skies,

And are yclept of paradise.

Such were ne'er or seldom seen

Under sunshine less serene ;

Not even where the torrid glow

Paints with blush of Iris' bow ;

Nor in the bard's more fertile brain ;

Nor on that fair Sicilian plain,

Where she, sweet flower, more fair than they,

By gloomy Dis was snatched away ;

Nor about the dancing wave,

Where sportive nymphs their tresses lave,

Fed from that ambrosial fount

Which trickles down the fabled mount ;

Prototypes of all most rare,
Found in Flora's calendar,
Which from Venus' self we call,
Else from king or cardinal,
Monk's or sultan's hood or crest,
Names of those whom we love best ;
Of Cupid, or the young Adonis,
Such, on whose lips the soft Favonis
Breathes the most endearing kisses,
Whilst they exhale their fragrant blisses.
From these, and more, a million million times,
Marvels of all hues and climes,
Three chaplets choice I mean to seek,
To vie with the beauties of each lady's cheek,
Which Jove will have them wear, and all to prove
His high esteem of their fraternal love. —

But, lo! the shepherd band draws nigh;
See, the youth of Arcady
Hasten their kind respects to pay,
And would here make holiday.

*A band of Shepherds, crowned with garlands, and accompanied
by various musical instruments, appear in front of the Grotto;
then the leaders advance, and repeat as follows :*

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Shepherd, as in duty bound,
Here upon this velvet lawn,
All our troop is marshalled round,
To usher in the early dawn;
White as snow is now the thorn,
And the fresh air smells sweet of bloom, —
The eastern maid, who opes the morn,
Will soon dispel the scattered gloom;

Over the blue hill she peeps ;
Now the lark no longer sleeps,
But soars to meet her saffron smile,
Poising high in air awhile ;
Anon descends to earth again,
To invent another strain.
All the vale is up in songs,
Which the echoing wood prolongs,
And then repeats them to the rosy skies, —
To our all-bounteous Pan they grateful rise.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Pan is good as well as great ;
Patron of our rustic state,
He our flocks and herds befriends,
From the Demon's power defends ;

And the tempest of the night,
Which Setebos, with devilish spite,
Thought to wreak our heads upon,
Is hushed, and no great harm is done.
Now the sky looks much more clear,
And no lowering clouds appear.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

Far from the busy human hive,
In willing ignorance we live
Of what the world calls happiness :
Our delight consists in this,
To pursue that simple plan
Which Nature first prescribed to man,
Ere false Art had banished hence
Peace, and Love, and Innocence ;

And base design, and low chicane,
With the sordid lust of gain,
Had caused Astrea's wings to grow,
Wherewith she fled from things below.
Now Fraud, instead, with double face,
And Selfishness, supply their place ;
True Friendship, as her last resort,
Shunning the city and the court,
Takes refuge in this recluse isle,
Well pleased to share a shepherd's smile.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Gentle youth, to thee we owe
All that of bounteous Pan we know ;
With this our bland philosophy,
Which we ascribe as well to thee ;

And therefore are in duty bound,
Here upon this verdant mound,
Where thou mayst see, if not partake,
Our happy festival to make,
With rites that are all innocent,
And mixed with joke and merriment.
So may these heavenly guests our mirth commend,
And these fair ladies their bright presence lend,
Till with the day our various sports shall end.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Happy, — happy, those must be,
Who thus live in harmony,
Joined with genuine piety ;
Here discontent can never enter,
Pride, or perilous adventure ;

Jealousy hath lost all power ;
Envy can't exist an hour,
But must quickly meet extinction,
Where goodness proves the sole distinction ;
And our being's end and aim,
To love and be beloved the same,
Is by no jaundiced feeling broken :
Here Jove confers his special token,
And best proof of his good pleasure
Showers upon you without measure,
Hastening on those times ordained,
When men, to their full age attained,
Find in death a mere translation
To that purer, happier station,
Where, having passed the glorious change
Which makes them fit with gods to range,

They rove through fields of orient space ;
And, when they 're called, assume their place
At the high Olympic feast,
And of Elysian joys may taste.
Shepherds, now we bid adieu ;
For the sun has risen in view,
And our report must be ta'en in
Before Heaven's matin hymns begin.

[*The DRAMA concludes with Music, Dancing,
and Rural Entertainments.*

NOTES.

IT will be proper to state, once for all, that the writer is aware of many imitations of Milton and of Shakspeare in the present volume: but those great originals are too well known, to excite a fear of incurring the charge of plagiarism by not individually pointing out and acknowledging such imitations to the reader. There may be also *parallel* passages of which the writer is not conscious; but this will often be the case where two minds are employed upon the same subject, even though they have had no communication with each other: and, if there be any such in this collection, they are left to the ingenuity of the reader to discover.

"IL PASTORE INCANTATO" was originally designed upon the model of Milton's *Comus*, (that beautiful specimen of Doric excellence); but when the present volume was contemplated, the necessity of bringing the drama, if at all, to a speedy conclusion, induced the author hastily to connect together the unfinished parts, and to add such materials as came most readily to hand — this will, in some measure, palliate the defects of the composition.

No apology, it is presumed, will be necessary for the sombre character of the majority of the pieces selected, — the taste of

the compiler having necessarily taken a tinge from the colour of the circumstances by which he was surrounded.

Page 5, line 9.

(1) Socrates, Tasso, and many other great men, have confidently believed in the existence of attendant spirits—nor is there any thing unphilosophical in the opinion.

Page 9, line 3.

(2) Names well known in Shakspeare's " Tempest," from which also Ariel's name is borrowed.

Page 18, line 11.

(3) Plato.

Page 43, line 8.

(4) Until some one returns from the other world, and, from observations and inquiries made there, ascertains the impossibility of the existence and active employment of spirits about the visible creation, and their occasional appearance here, the popular doctrines respecting them ought not to be so dogmatically condemned.

Page 44, line 10.

(5) The reader will not be at a loss to comprehend the drift of this allegory.

Page 53, line 13.

(6) The circumstance which gave rise to this little drama, was an attack of *incubus*, during an illness, in which the author was attended by three young ladies, for whose pleasure it was originally designed.

POMPEII.

WRITTEN AT COLLEGE.

Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera, fando
Explicet ?

ÆNEID. Lib. II.

ILL-FATED City of the Ausonian shore,
Which Horace boasts, and classic Virgil bore !
Beneath whose heaven cerulean and serene
The myrtle blossoms in unfading green,
And whose high hills, with verdant ilex crowned,
By purpling vines, and olive compassed round,
Nursed the old Roman eagle, while he grew,
Fledged by its suns, and cherished with its dew,

Till he had dipt his wing in either sea,
And the wide world confessed his majesty — (1)
In ruin hail! and O, whilst I proclaim
Thy glory once, as now thy funeral fame,
From thy sad shore may the lamenting Muse
Some spark celestial through my strains diffuse!
For still she loves her Italy undone,
Despoiled sweet garden of how bright a sun!
Pleased even now in melancholy hours
To wander through that wilderness of flowers,
And midst the marble wrecks of Rome to weep
O'er prostrate Freedom's long lethargic sleep;
Nor can she ever the loved soil forsake,
Where oft by crystal spring or woodland brake,
In frolic mood she tript the enchanted ground,
Facile amidst a shower of roses round; (2)

Or in blest ease, beneath the broad beech flung,
Of pastoral love, and arms, and heroes sung ! (3)
But oh, sad City ! tears should best rehearse
Thy mournful tale, not pomp of measured verse,
When unrelenting Fate with sudden blow
Consigned thee trembling to the shades below,
Thyself thy grave, the living with the dead,
And gathered ruin round thy fallen head ;
Strange that revolving suns should e'er recal
The hidden horrors of thy funeral !
The shroud of years thrown back, thou dost revive,
Half-raised, half-buried, dead, yet still alive !
Gathering the world around thee, to admire
Thy disinterment, and with hearts on fire,
To catch the form and fashion of the time
When Pliny lived, and thou wert in thy prime ;

So strange thy resurrection, it may seem
Less waking life than a distressful dream.

Hushed is this once gay scene, nor murmurs more,
The city's din, the crowd's tumultuous roar,
The laugh convivial, and the chiming sound
Of golden goblets with Falernian crowned ;
The mellow breathings of the Lydian flute,
And the sweet drip of fountains as they shoot
From marble basements ; these, all these are mute !
Closed are her springs, unnumbered fathoms deep,
Her splendid domes are one dismantled heap,
Her temples soiled, her statues in the dust,
Her tarnished medals long devoured by rust ;
Its rainbow pavements broken from the bath,
The once-thronged Forum an untrodden path ;

The fanes of love forgotten cells, the shrines
Of vaunted Gods inurned in sulphur mines,
The' abodes of art, of luxury, and taste;
Tombs of their once-glad residents — a waste
O'er which compassionate years have gradual thrown
The trailing vine, and bade the myrtle moan.

Such is Pompeii! not so once, she stood
In state, reflected in the azure flood. (4)
The very morning of her mournful fall,
Announced her gayest, proudest festival;
There might be seen the splendid cavalcade,
Chariots and horsemen, matron, warrior, maid,
Plumes, helms, and bucklers, and the pompous glare
Of dazzling ensigns waving in the air;
Garlands, and victims, and the mysteries
Of Gods regardless of their suppliant's cries;

Strange passing shows of all that man deems great,

The gorgeous pageants of imperial state.

Hark ! 'twas the happy victor's thundering car,

Slow drawn by pampered steeds, and heard afar ;

Fly to the Arch, unfold its leaves of brass ;

IO TRIUMFHE ! let the Conqueror pass !

Gods ! 'twas your own dread thunder shook the sphere,

In dreadful omen of the ruin near ; —

From the deep womb of mountains, soars on high

Columnar smoke, and heaves into the sky, —

Then like the broad black branches of the pine,

Spreads o'er the plains, a dark, funereal sign !

And showers, as driven by Pluto's angry ghosts,

Its withering ashes o'er those charming coasts.

Vesuvius burns ; earth quakes ; the thunders roar ;

And the rocked sea shrinks startled from the shore, ⁽⁵⁾

O heaven! to paint the horror and dismay,
The mingled terrors of that awful day,
Scene of affright and anguish! crowds on crowds
Pace the burst soil: night falls in sulphurous clouds,
And on the rising winds are borne the cries
Of dying men, sad children's screams, the sighs
Of severing kindred, brothers, sisters, all,—
The noise of towers disparting in their fall,
The crash of temples, and the horrid boom
Of angry Neptune hurrying on their doom,
As though such wild and melancholy knell
Were due from Nature when her Pliny fell:
Here stood a mother, and she silent wept—
Not her own fate—her last warm tears were kept
To' embalm her offspring; there a daughter lay
Writhing beside her livid parent's clay,
In life her only hope, in death she needs no stay.

Meanwhile a raging tempest through the air
Hurl'd stones and riven rocks, and dumb despair
Sate pale on every face, so dire a gloom
Did heaven's bright bow of mercy ne'er illume ;
Red flowed the flaming torrent like the wave
Of fiery Phlegethon, ablaze to lave
Lost souls in Tartarus ; — then the burning mould
Quick, quick impression took ; the young, the old
Flying in haste, by Death's stern hand were fixt,
And with the molten lava intermixt, ⁽⁶⁾
Nor dropt the' uplifted arm with decent grace,
Nor form composed, to meet his hot embrace ;
Ev'n as they fled, they perished — they remained, ⁽⁷⁾
And still the tide flowed on, the ashes rained.
Three days, three nights crept past in blackest shade,
Then broke the clouds, and sick the sunshine played,

Not on high towers and temples, which the morn
Had erst been proud to worship and adorn,
Not on Pompeii! but her awful ghost,—
A mass of ashes whitening all the coast!

There have I roved, at midnight hour, to gaze
On the sad relics of her happier days.
On the lone site have stood absorbed, to view
Her shattered wreck, and mourn the ruin too,
Loveliest by light of moon, whose softening ray
Flatters the shore, and beautifies the bay;
Sheds o'er each mouldering pile the tint that most
Endears the dream of pride and glory lost;
When not a wave strikes on the ear but brings
Remembered trace of long-forgotten things;

No sculptured stone with aloes crowned, appears,
But leads the mind through dim departed years
To awful converse with the world gone by,
And dread communion with Eternity. —

Mysterious Power ! at thy supreme decree
The proud are dashed, the meek are raised by thee ;
We bow — for thou hast all things at command,
All things in nature own thy sovereign hand ;
Volcanic fires, the earthquake, and the flood
Thy agents are, and ministrant of good,
Howe'er impervious to our bounded gaze, —
Nor would we question, but adore thy ways,
Assured of this, that Wisdom ever guides
The wondrous scheme o'er which thy power presides.

NOTES.

Page 70, line 2.

- (1) The Atlantic and Indian oceans are here referred to.

Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen, Eois timendum
Partibus, Occanoque rubro.

HOR. *Od.* 35, *Lib.* I.

Page 70, line 16.

- (2) Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.—HOR. *Od.* ad
Pyrrham.

Page 71, line 3.

- (3) Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.—VIRG. *Ecl.*
Arma, virumque cano.—VIRG. *En.*

Page 73, line 8.

- (4) See Pliny's account of the catastrophe.

Page 74, line 16.

(5) Pompeii formerly stood on the verge of the bay of Naples, which has receded nearly two miles.

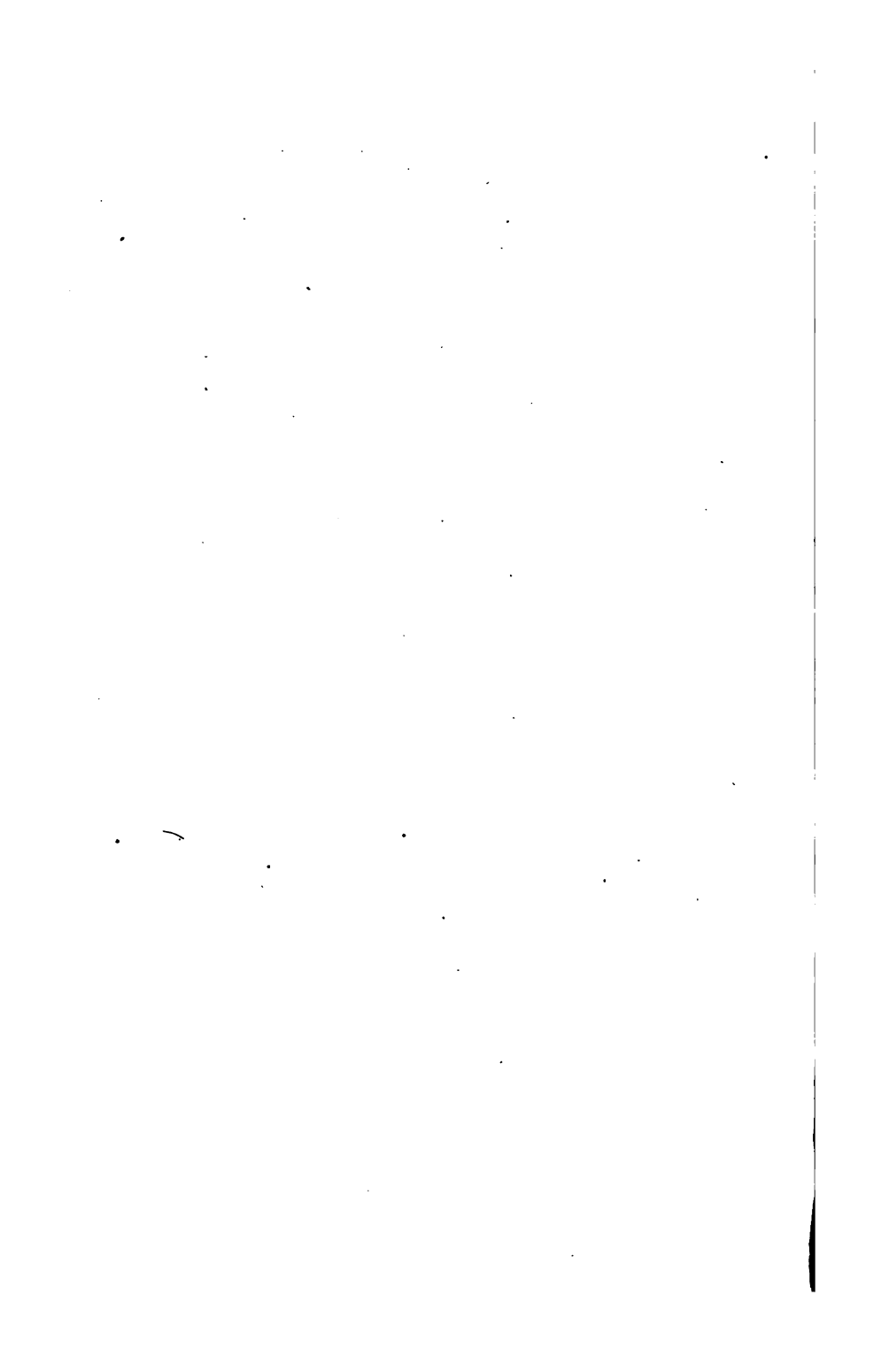
Page 76, line 10.

(6) The poem was written before I had visited Italy: the torrent of lava which committed such devastation at Herculaneum, did not approach Pompeii, which was buried in the ashes of the eruption. The description however will still hold good. In a cellar of one of the houses at Pompeii, where twenty-three of the family had taken refuge, the volcanic matter penetrated in so fine a powder, that the forms of their persons and apparel remained impressed in the indurated matter. The mould of the bosom of one is yet shewn in the Museum of Portici.

Page 76, line 13.

(7) Within a recess a human skeleton was found, of which the hand still grasped a lance, supposed to be that of a Roman sentinel, who preferred this to the more terrible death to which he would have been subject, had he abandoned his post. In another, two skeletons: one had a purse containing money, &c. with the key of the door: while his companion had probably attempted to escape with some portable moveables and vases of bronze, which were found near him.—GELL and GANDY's *Pompeiana*, p. 96. — *Viaggio di Napoli*, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.



STANZAS TO DEPARTED HAPPINESS,

A FRAGMENT. (7)

1.

THEE lost, I hail, who oft, celestial maid,
My infant bosom didst with transport fire,
Ere History's pencil, or my own, portrayed
The world in colours that I less admire—
Ere youthful passion waked a wild desire,
Or heaved my heart at misery's pallid hue ;
When Pleasure's widest scope did ne'er aspire
Beyond the fair paternal fields I knew,
And all the world I thought as fair and flowery too.

2.

The rueful tale I heard did then excite
No sense so poignant I could call it pain —
Such sympathy as dwells in realms of light,
When earthly sighs the heavens return again :
Ah! then, the infant tear did ne'er complain
The trace that tales of sorrow leave behind,
Too gay the thoughts of misery to retain,
Those dire familiars of maturer mind ;
Then all was calm and still, and hushed the tempest wind.

3.

O'er those young days the sun-beams ever shine,
Peculiar charms the sweet survey invite ;
Soft whispers bear those balmy gales divine,
A sense insinuate of supreme delight.
From flower to flower I watched the drone's dull flight,
And followed where it flew, in childish sport ;
Or marked where'er the summer-fly would light,
Then in my wanton grasp the beauty caught,
A fruitless prize !— so soon sad lessons was I taught.

4.

Such lessons need no philosophic eye,
In every varied path of life to trace,
Since Heaven has stamp't the impress of vanity
Even on Nature's smoothest, blandest face :
Oh, merely vain I've found is beauty's grace,
And fortune's bubbles gaily tinged with gold !
From honor's height, who view the downward space
With nerve unshaken ? mark the wretch too bold
By fickle gusts, at once, in headlong ruin rolled.

* * * * *

5.

Now transient beams, alas ! bereft of joy,
Light rarely on the shades that deeper grow ;
I look *behind*, on scenes without alloy, —
But *forward*, — on the landscape's lowering brow :
The past all makes the future drearier show —
My cup of pleasure has gone fairly by,
And not a hope remains of aught below,
Save from that book which speaks of realms on high,
Where peace and friendship walk beneath a brighter sky.

* * * * *

6.

Meantime, lost Happiness, of heavenly birth,
Thee, full of innocence and grace, I hail !
Say, where amid the changeful scenes of earth
Thou deign'st to take up thine abode and dwell,
I'll guide me, gladly, to thy secret cell,
A willing exile from a world of woes ;
To bathe me in thy sacred springing well,
Whose sweet pellucid stream for aye bestows
Forgetfulness of pain and undisturbed repose.

• • • • •

1815.

N O T E.

Page 83.

(7) This fragment, written at a very early age, comprises only the exordium, and one of the concluding verses ; the primary intention was to have drawn a complete sketch of the author's brief existence, interspersed with moral reflections and occasional episodes : but, like many others, the plan was never prosecuted.

THE COURT OF DEATH,

A FRAGMENT.

• • • • •

I SAW Death standing with his tapers there,
Not darkly glimmering, but intensely bright :
All high uplifted — whose strong glare shot down,
On his fair shining countenance, direct,
Sickening suffusion of unearthly light —
Erect he stood — not the spare grisly form
Of monkish terror carved in effigies,
But a most beautiful youth with damask cheek —
Cupid of hell ! — sweet cherub of the tomb !

His profile somewhat sharpened — in his eye
Beamed tenfold life and never-dying fire.
I saw him thus — and I perchance had loved him
But for the strange unnatural union
Of qualities and shape so much opposed.
He spake not, and the waxen pageants round,
His fair attendants equal silence held —
Each in his hand a curious garland bore
Of rosemary, violet, and the mingled hues
Which erst allured Proserpine in the vale
Of charming Euna : — one peculiar flower
Bloomed there 'midst evergreens, the yew, the bay,
Holly and cypress, Death's own favourite flower.
On earth 'tis called Ephemeron — with awe
I touched it — down it fell, reduced to dust,
Emitting thence odours more rank and faint

Than lawless poppy or the unholy bane —

Death smiled to see his bauble thus destroyed ! —

• • • • •

I saw no scythe — his final purposes

Are all accomplished by his silent breath,

Surged up the nostrils of the fated wretch

Whene'er he comes to kiss the sons of men

And take them home to dwell at peace with him —

• • • • •

O beauty, never can I love thee more,

For ne'er wert thou in such perfection seen

As in that beautiful emblem of decay—

• • • • •

1816.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

WRITTEN AT COLLEGE.

1.

SWEET warbler! still thy song divine
Is heard within the midnight grove,
Where Milton tuned to notes like thine,
Was wont in former time to rove,
And listen to the lay of love,
That poured like nectar on his ear,
While Echo from her shell above,
Responds in accents softly clear.

2.

And still, as erst, to make him hear
The music of thy charming voice,
Bears it beyond the starry sphere,
To join the chorus of the skies.
And hark! I ween *those* notes may rise,
Unquestioned, to that holy place,
Where chant the birds of Paradise,
All rapturous in the realms of grace.

3.

Sweet warbler! to thy liquid lays,
That fall like Nectar on my ear,
My heart hath long been pledged to raise
Some tribute of affection dear;
But not the drip of fountains clear,
Nor lyric odes those founts among,
In sweetness, fulness, power, compeer
The native passion of thy song.

1819.

TO A COLLEGE FRIEND,

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

WELL ! I have read, with deeply pleasing care,
The magic verse of Milton — Bard sublime !
The iron bell that smites the ebon air,
And hourly echoes the dark flight of Time,
Hath long since struck its harsh undecimal chime ;
While I, intent o'er mighty Samson's fate,
Forgot his fleeting and my promised rhyme,
Until, perchance, it may be deemed too late
For one whom no Miltonian powers await.

Yet will I pay this tribute small, in verse
Untuned to airs of that Philistian dame,
Whose honied breath betrayed, nor thou the worse
Wilt count my Muse whom no false flatteries shame ;
O ! I have sought the man whose honest aim
Might be to make me better, and I feel
That I could call him *friend*, and prize the name :
R—dl—y ! I would, thine were with it the same ;
For thou hast not a heart incased in steel,
Nor I a soul quite shut on those who wish my weal.

1818.

WRITTEN AT A VILLAGE NEAR CAMBRIDGE.

How soon hath Time, (whom I, nor love, nor fear,
For aught that he has done, or aught can do,)
Sped on his annual round, and now doth steer
His second flight on still untired wing,
Since last I heard the shallow cuckoo sing,
And linnets here, tune their love-ditties true,
The village song hath a superior sense
Of inward sweetness to my listening ear,
For truth I always held without compeer,
And lack of nature hath no recompense :
This little world includes no gem so dear
As friendship of the old and genuine cast,
And that affection which shall always last ;
Let those who seek make haste and find it here.

TO ROSAMOND,
WHO HAD HUNG HER HARP ON THE WILLOW.

“ Alas, sad Harp, that oft through yonder grove
The very soul of music used to shed ;
Now hangest thou mute, like some unhappy love,
That weeping broods o'er transient joys long fled.”

Yon voiceless harp, when Spring renews the year,
Shall breathe once more, though hung on willow tree ;
And Zephyr's wing, fresh plumed, in fancy's ear
Waft the sweet notes so long forgot by thee.
Our brightest hopes may disappointed be,
And Memory slumber o'er her pictured quire,
Till genial suns and heaven-born minstrelsy,
Revive the sleeper, and retune the lyre.

Though plaintive strains may tremble on the wire
While aching thought reverts to hours gone by,
The distant future will sometimes inspire,
And harps be heard in the supernal sky;
At which, our flagging hopes grow strong, and soar
Beyond the bounds of time, and other worlds explore.

TO FILL THE TITLE PAGE OF A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION
OF LACE PATTERNS.

LADY, when I this chronicle of taste,
Taught in Arachne's school, much pleased, regard,
And think how British fair ones have wrought hard,
With burnished needle, and bright armour placed
On their white fingers, to make good the waste
Which envious years (because a lady's bloom
They may not injure) lavish on her loom —
I'm proud to be selected for their bard,
Comparing these same beauteous Arabesques,
Of various pattern, flowered or foliate,
With those so much esteemed of Raphael's fresques
Which all admire, but few dare emulate ;
Or to the divine skill of Grecian dame,
Whose works the ancient world has given to fame.

TO POESY.

1.

**SWEET Poesy ! charmer of worldly care,
At eventide how oft I 've sought for thee ;
How oft have melted on my ravished ear
The softest strains of Heaven's own minstrelsy !**

2.

**Those moving strains these faltering lips would speak,
Whose gentle breath my inmost spirit steal ;
But ah ! my muse is all too mean — too weak —
Such soft persuasive accents to reveal.**

3.

Night and her lovely train have heard me sing
In such poor notes as might befit my years ;
But thou hast often made my fancy ring
With the ærial music of the spheres.

4.

Sweet Poesy ! permit a lonely youth
To list thy chantings still in the' evening air ;
O ! sooth this life's unrest with heavenly truth
In angel songs which whispering breezes bear.
1816.

THE VISION OF A NIGHT.

TO J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

WITH A LEMON GATHERED IN TASSO'S GARDEN, AT SORRENTO,
THE LEAF OF WHICH HAD BEEN SENT BEFORE.

1.

My brows were late with poppies crowned,
In Lethe's dews my lids were drowned,
Immersed in sleep I lay;
Me thought from out that deep repose,
A visioned scene of light arose,
More radiant far than day.

2.

I saw the land where beauty lies
Entranced in Spring's own paradise,
 Beneath night's cloudless noon ;
Its shores were all in silver clad,
While smiles that seemed half sweet, half sad,
 Streamed from a pensive moon.

3.

Those shores had more than earthly charm,
Sapphire the sky — the air was balm,
 And myrtles bloomed around ;
'Twas the blest spot whence Tasso sprung,
Where orange groves, with fruitage hung,
 Perfume the' enchanted ground.

4.

I walked midst those imagined trees
Fanned by the light and fragrant breeze
To memory still endeared ;
When lo ! the rustling leaves divide,
The great, the good, the glorified
Torquato's self appeared.

5.

Around his glowing temples shone
The immortal wreath he well had won,
I knew the radiant sign — (8)
And in his lucid hands he bore
That volume of romantic lore
He wrote with pen divine.

6.

I gazed — the bard serenely smiled,

I knelt — with looks of censure mild.

His silver accents ran —

“ Think not, ingenuous youth, to blame

A venial fault this night I came,

Nor thine too rudely scan :

7.

“ Yet knew — when from their rich inlay,

Three summers past, the verdant spray

And golden fruit were torn,

I marked the spoil — to distant skies

I saw thee waft the odorous prize,

From these blest regions borne.

8.

“ Since then, thou hast in part repaired
Thy fond offence — the relic shared
With him who owns my lyre ;
The *verdant spray* becomes him well
On whom my sacred mantle fell,
And classic tongue of fire.

9.

“ Yet still the half remains undone,
The *fruit* is all unblest, my son,
From its *young leaf* riven ;
Then wouldst thou full remission claim,
Complete the boon in Tasso's name,
And seal thy peace with Heaven.

10.

" 'Tis fit that they whom taste refined
Unites with noblest powers of mind
To virtue's holy train,
Should reap some share of present praise,
While Genius waits with hallowed rays
To' adorn their future fane.

11.

" But chief to him high praise is due,
WHOSE SONG GIVES LIBERTY ANEW
To SALEM'S SACRED SHORE,
He plants my laurels on the soil
Of freedom bought with Britons' toil,
And steeped in Britons' gore.

12.

“ Go tell him, then, I much approve
This last best labour of his love,
Of Earth’s applause secure ; —
The world to him hath friendly been,
Yet bid him still on conscience lean,
And loftier hopes ensure.

13.

“ Tell him of my exalted state,
What joys on suffering Virtue wait
In Heaven’s immortal clime,
This starry crown thou see’st me wear
Is meed of many an ardent prayer,
And many a toil sublime.

14.

" The world's best palm must soon decay,
Its loudest plaudits die away :
Go bid him choose with me
Wreaths of imperishable bloom,
And triumphs lengthening from the tomb
To all Eternity !"

NOTE.

- (8) — " la su nel cielo infra i beati cori
Ha di stelle immortali aurea corona."

TO DESPAIR.

1.

THERE is a slow consuming care

No tongue can tell — no brain can bear —

Thou hast not words, oh dark despair!

Half to reveal,

My very soul nigh melts to air

At what I feel.

2.

Stern fate of sensibility,
Which often kens what other eye
Heeds not, — which dreads some stormy sky
Unseen perhaps —
And into strange morbidity
Will oft relapse.

3.

Ah merciful, benignant Heaven !
Why to thy creature hast thou given
Heart-strings so fine they must be riven
With keenest throe ?
Here, poignant feeling ne'er has thriven,
For all is woe.

4.

Some spirit sent from other skies
Has touched, I ween, these darkened eyes ;
Visions of blessedness arise,
No gulf between :
But I'm of Earth, and quickly flies
The lovely scene.

5.

Stay — stay — fair forms of shadowy bliss,
Like Heaven's own bow your glory is, —
But ah ! too like in transientness,
Your radiant smile
Plays but to make grief's blind abyss
More dark erewhile.

6.

Ye false — ye fading scenes, adieu !

My wounded heart throbs, bleeds anew,

While memory paints each dazzling hue.

Full on my eye;

I faint at the enchanting view,

Ere long I die.

7.

Memory is but a mournful boon —

Her magic art recalls too soon

The lost delights of life's forenoon,

So full of glee,

And now those pleasures all are gone

Eternally.

8.

Oh ! were some fabled Lethe near,

I'd deeply drink to thee, Despair,

Nor stop till I had drowned all care, —

And left behind

Nought that this wretched heart could wear,

Or writhe the mind.

TO EMMA,

COMPLAINING OF A FROSTY NIGHT. (9)

— Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

OVID.

1.

SOFT is the many-coloured zone
That binds our hearts together, dear—
Sweet is the love that makes us one,
And warms us in all weather, dear.

2.

Come frost — come snow, let tempests blow,
The harder 'tis, the better, dear;
Our love will hold, come heat or cold,
And for the rest — no matter dear.

3.

The scarce heard "yes" — the rapturous kiss,
Can I forget? no, never, dear ;
Those bright blue eyes, — those nectared sighs,
They 'll warm me, ay, for ever, dear.

4.

Oh, Emma ! at yon virgin shrine,
That gilds the fane of night so clear,
Our souls were knit with many a twine
Of soft and silvery light, my dear.

5.

And by yon moon-beam's chastened smile,
And by the tears that drop, my dear,
From veiled eyes in cloistered pile,
Which none on earth can stop, my dear ;

6.

And by the incense evening sheds,
When Zephyr shakes his wing, my dear;
And by those flowers that hang their heads,
When some wild bee would sting thee, dear:

7.

By the sweet inspiration round,
When Spring returns to bless the year —
By every mingling mazy sound,
That melts the heart, and charms the ear:

8.

By Nature's self, and all her laws,
I *swear* to love thee ever, dear; —
Not even Nature's final pause
Shall part us, — oh! no — never, dear.

9.

Laid, side by side, in one cold grave,
We'll gently sleep together, dear ;
Then winds may blow, and tempests rave,
We'll never mind the weather, dear.

1818.

N O T E.

Page 114.

(9) Alas ! the friend for whom this piece was written, is no longer susceptible of those tender impressions attributed to him ; he “ gently sleeps ” in the grave, contemplated in the concluding verse. *Vale ! Vale ! amice dilectissime !*

AD MATREM.

WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

Maternæ pietatis imago.

Vire.

1.

WHILE placed in a scene of misfortune like this,
Where the tear of distress is but just wiped away,
And the sighs of affliction are scarcely at peace,
Ere the heart is afresh overwhelmed with dismay :

2.

Launched out in a merciless, pitiless world,
Where we look for the smile of true friendship in vain ;
Transfixed by some shaft that was wantonly hurled,
We droop unregarded, to rise not again !

3.

When the blast of Adversity hurtles around,
And tears each fond hope from the spot where it grew,
Whilst the lightning's bright flash, and the thunder's
hoarse sound,
Rouse the chords that still vibrate of sorrow anew.

4.

Then how sweetly consoling — how cheering the thought!
There is one who regards me with tenderest concern —
That not one of my sorrows by her is forgot;
But each sigh that escapes me, wakes hers in return!

5.

Yes, sweet to my ear is the sound of thy name,
My Mother! it calms while it thrills through my heart —
Fills the soul with affection's delightfulest flame —
Speaks a plenitude nothing besides can impart.

6.

A mother! what office of love is too great
To be amply supplied by so constant a friend?
E'en the solace *itself* has a duplicate sweet,
Which the smiles of maternal affection attend.

7.

Ah! could I, unmoved by so chilling a sight,
Behold thee, my parent, distress, and not grieve?
Can our heart-strings, by nature entwined, disunite,
Or be severed, or broken, so long as we live?

8.

Oh, no, dearest mother! for never shall sleep
The pure flame that inspires my affectionate breast;
I will smile when thou smilest — when thou weapest,
I'll weep —
I will soothe all thy anguish, and bid thee be blest.

9.

But since all thy kindness I cannot requite,
Who hast cradled my sorrows and hushed my complaints,
Be it thine to enjoy a far richer delight,
In the favour of God, and the love of his saints !

1815.

TO ROSAMOND.

Credula res Amor est.

OVID. MET.

1.

LITTLE Cupid's a sad roguish fellow ;
I swear that he harbours deceit
In his ringlets so gracefully yellow,
And his eyes that bewitch all they meet.

2.

Oh ! a deep little rogue, I believe you,
Yes — the youngster's as sly as he's fair ;
For 'tis ten to one but he'll bereave you
Of something, before you're aware.

3.

Yet, because I'm not fond of asserting
A fact I can't very well prove,
I will tell you, my dear, of his flirting,
And the loss of *a something* I love.

4.

Perhaps you remember the morn when,
A ramble we took through the wild;
Well — I'm *quite* sure my heart wasn't gone then,
For I oft felt it beat when you smiled.

5.

You must know, it was not till the morrow,
The sad — sad discovery was made;
Then I found, to my infinite sorrow,
The said heart had been stolen, or strayed.

6.

Next time that I saw Cupid flying,
I taxed him at once as the thief;
Which the urchin, so far from denying,
Confessed — and then — laughed at my grief!

7.

And he said, and looked arch while affirming,
Yes — he told me — my love, is it true?
For the fact, I beseech you, determine;
He stole — but to give it to you.

8.

Now, they say, what can ne'er be contended,
“ The receiver 's as bad as the thief ” —
So for once, I do hope you 've offended,
And the wish, be sure, quickens belief.

9.

If so then, I 'm far from a loser ;
For the law of the case is, I learn,
That you give one sweet kiss as a douceur,
And your *own* happy heart in return.

1815.

TO ELVINA.

—— Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo.

HOR. *Od.* 8. *Lib.* 2.

1.

OH, lady, where can be the bliss
That riots on a mournful sigh?
Oh, what the joy, for some there is,
That owes its birth to misery?

2.

Say, why that ever artful smile,
Which thus unceasingly would play?
Still flattering, that it might beguile,
And dazzling, only to betray.

3.

Fair were those looks of innocence !
By me how fondly, dearly loved !
But since they made a mere pretence,
The deadliest lures to me they proved.

4.

Then once, again, their lustre lend
Around my bier, within my tomb ;
For flames so false deserve to spend
Their being in perpetual gloom.

1816.

O lachrymarum fons tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

HAIL, sacred fount of sympathetic tears,
The trembling birth of softer moulded mind !
Thrice blest the bosom where thy spring o'erpeers,
In pious drops, that gentle outlet find !

TO A VIOLET.

Boast of our rural Spring, meek child of May!
I see thee, though thou veil'st thy sweet blue eye
Beneath a shadowing leaf's green canopy,
Seeming to shun, yet court more close survey —
Open thy lid, and let the Sun's warm ray
Feast on the nectar of that treasured tear,
Which mourns thy sister Snowdrop's early bier,
For whom young Crocus wept himself away.
Or do I thus mistake — perhaps the gem,
In matin glee, the' enamoured linnet shook
From the fresh blowing whitethorn's dewy stem,
For that like thee o'erhangs the rippling brook.
I will not pluck thee — though thou might'st despair
To find a lovelier home than Anna's hair.

THE LAMENT OF THE GOLDFINCH

TO ITS MISTRESS:

*Supposed to be heard issuing from the grave on the night succeeding
its interment.—The Bird was particularly delighted with the
Piano-forte, which is here alluded to.*

..... Quis talia fando

Temperet à lachrymis

VIRGIL.

I.

OH, weep for me! — 'tis finished now,
Thy hands have raised my verdant tomb,
And strown it thick with violet bloom;
And planted there a cypress bough,
Whose leaves, one day, may haply wave
Funereal, o'er thy songster's grave.

2.

Oh! weep for me, and water well
With tears the turf where low I'm laid,—
Be solemn dirges, slow and sad,
Heard mingling with the evening bell,
Which dying day so sweetly chimes;
To mind thee of departed times.

3.

Departed times, and days gone by —
Oh, weep for them ! oh, weep for me,
As I had mourned and wept for thee,
Hadst thou been laid where now I lie,—
All changing fast to simplest clay,
And mute as mine thy pleasing lay.

4.

The lay — the lay — we wont to sing,
When thou, on thy sweet harpsichord,
Wouldst run through many a thrilling chord,
In the happy hours of cheerful Spring!
It seemed my breast could scarce contain
The rapture of that tender strain.

5.

It made me think of field and grove, —
Of freedom — but than these far more —
('Twas that which touched my bosom's core)
It made me think of earliest love;
Young love! whose tendrils oft do twine
Round virgins' hearts, as once round mine.

6.

And yet most dear my cage was grown
 By long society with thee —
 I neither wished, nor would be free :
 I lived, I sung for thee alone —
 Till, losing all desire to roam,
 My *prison* changed itself to *home*.

7.

Ah me! the thread — the slender thread —
 On which our hearts' best hopes abide,—
 The fatal shears too soon divide
 The life I then so sweetly led ;
 Oh, all unlooked ! it was my doom
 To sleep within this violet tomb.

8.

Then weep for me — oh ! weep for me : —

Wet my sad couch with briny tears.

The cypress bough, in flight of years,

Perchance may grow to cypress tree, —

And, pensive birds, on branch and spray,

Repeat the long-lamenting lay,

When thou, dear maid, art far away !

TO THE LYRE.

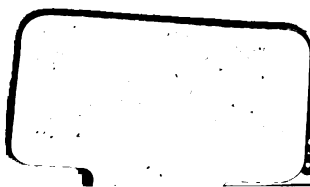
ONCE more, O much-loved lyre ! this parting strain,
And then a fond farewell — until we meet,
As hope still prompts, beyond that dark retreat
Towards which my footsteps bend their faltering train.
In that unmusical mansion it were vain
To' invoke e'en Orpheus' aid — farewell ! farewell !
Until we meet — to wake the choral spell,
(When Immortality assumes its reign,)
To loftier theme, and in a mood more pure ;
For though beneath the cold and wintry sky
My sleep be long, it shall not aye endure —
But when the' Archangel trump's melodious cry
Rebuilds my fainting frame, I trust to raise
New songs with voice and lyre to Jesu's praise.

FINIS.

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